Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am litle like an ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on yout shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle:
He prettely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother to entreate of her,
To meete you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:
My Grandam tolde me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L: with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dors. manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the instalement of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Cates.

Cates. He for his fathers sake so
That he will not be wonne to ou
Buck. What thinkest thou ther
Cat. He will do all in all as H
Buck. Well then no more but
Go gentle Catesby, and as it wer
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how h
Vnto our purpose, if he be willin
Encourage him, and shew him al
If he be leaden, icie, cold vnwillin
Be thou so too: and so breake off
And giue vs notice of his inclina
For we to morrow hold deuided
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be
Glo. Commend me to Lo: Wil
His auncient knot of dangerous a
To morrow are let bloud at Pom
And bid my friend for ioy of this
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gentle
Buc. Good Catesby effect thi
Cat. My good Lo: both, with
Glo. Shall we heare from you
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there
Buc. Now my Lo: what shall
William Lo: Hastings will not y
Glo. Chop off his head man, so
And looke when I am King, clai
The Earledome of Hereford, and
Whereof the King my brother
Buc. Ile claime that promise a
Glo. And looke to haue it yeel
Come let vs suppe betimes, that a
We may digest our complots in so
Enter a messenger to Lo:
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the dore
Mes. A messenger from the L

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